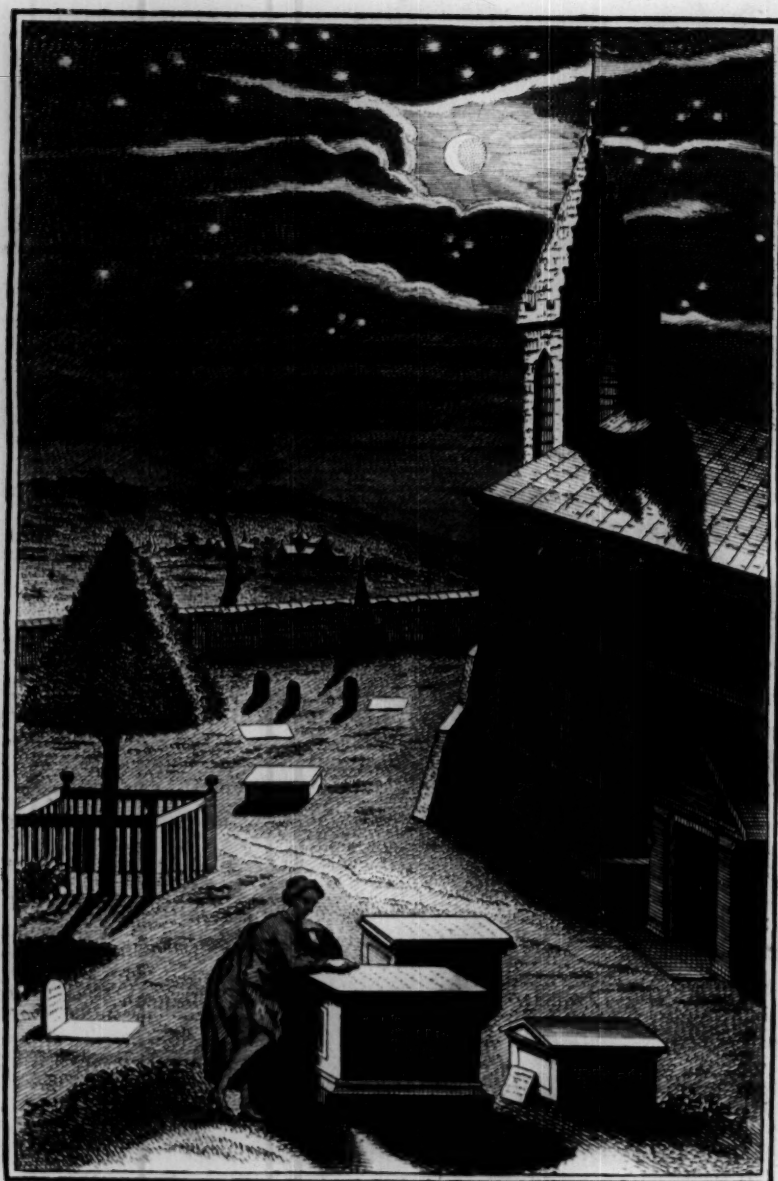


W. H. W. & Co.



W. H. W. & Co.

THE
COMPLAINT:

OR,

Right-Thoughts

ON

LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's-Head* in *Pall-Mall*, and sold
by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*, 1744.

COMPLAIN:

O R

RIGHT. THE LIFE

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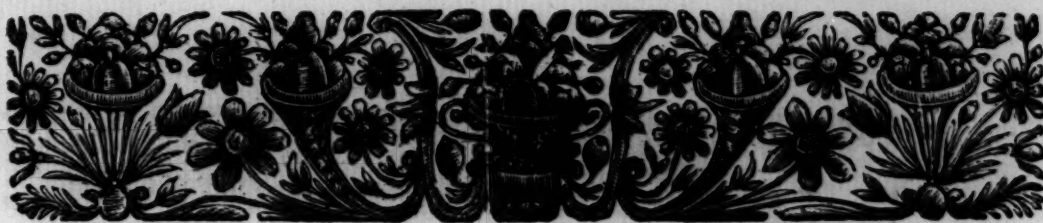
NIGHT THE LIFE

R. B. L. A. P. S. E.

THE EARL OF LATHAMFIELD.

L O W D O N

Printed for R. Dodsley and J. Johnson, in Pall-mall, and
by M. Cooper, at the Golden-Rule, in Fleet-street.



NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE

RELAPSE.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of *LITCHFIELD*.



NIGHT THE FIFTH

THE

RELAPSE

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF AATCHEFIELD



THE
COMPLAINT.
NIGHT THE FIFTH.



LORENZO! to recriminate is Just.
Fondness for Fame is Avarice of Air.
I grant the Man is vain, who writes for Praise.
Praise no Man e'er deserv'd, who fought no more.
As just thy *Second* Charge. I grant the Muse
Has often blusht at her degenerate Sons,
Retain'd by *Sense* to plead her filthy Cause;
To raise the Low, to magnify the Mean,
And subtilize the Gross into Refin'd:
As if to magick Numbers' powerfull Charm
'Twas given, to make a *Civet* of their Song
Obscene, and sweeten Ordure to Perfume.

Wit,

Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the Brute,
And lifts our Swine-enjoyments from the Mire.

The Fact notorious, nor obscure the Cause.
We wear the Chains of *Pleasure*, and of *Pride* ;
These share the Man ; and these distract him too ;
Draw different Ways, and clash in their Commands.
Pride, like an Eagle, builds among the Stars ;
But *Pleasure*, Lark-like, nests upon the Ground.
Joys shar'd by Brute-Creation, *Pride* resents ;
Pleasure embraces : Man would both enjoy,
And both at once : A Point how hard to gain !
But what can't Wit, when stung by strong Desire ?

Wit dares attempt this arduous Enterprize.
Since Joys of *Sense* can't rise to *Reason's* Taste ;
In subtle *Sophistry's* laborious Forge,
Wit hammers out a Reason new, that stoops
To sordid Scenes, and greets them with Applause.
Wit calls the *Graces* the chaste Zone to loose ;
Nor less than a *plump God* to fill the Bowl.
A thousand Phantoms, and a thousand Spells,

A thousand Opiates scatters to delude,
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
 And the fool'd Mind delightfully confound.
 Thus that which shock'd the *Judgment*, shocks no more;
 That which gave *Pride* Offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *Pride*, by Nature mortal Foes,
 At War eternal which in Man shall reign,
 By *Wit*'s Address, patch up a fatal Peace,
 And hand in hand lead on the rank Debauch,
 From rank refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed *Art*! wipes off th'indebted Blush
 From Nature's Cheek, and bronzes every Shame.
 Man smiles in Ruin, glories in his Guilt,
 And Infamy stands Candidate for Praise.

All writ by Man in favour of the Soul,
 These *sensual Ethicks* far, in Bulk, transcend.
 The Flow'rs of Eloquence profusely pour'd
 O'er spotted Vice, fill half the letter'd World.
 Can Pow'rs of Genius exorcise their Page,
 And consecrate Enormities with Song?

But let not these inexpiable Strains
 Condemn the Muse that knows her Dignity,
 Nor meanly stops at *Time*, but holds the World
 As 'tis, in Nature's ample Field, a Point,
 A Point in her Esteem ; from whence to start,
 And run the Round of universal Space,
 To visit Being universal there,
 And Being's Source, that utmost Flight of Mind !
 Yet spite of this so vast Circumference,
 Well knows, but what is *Moral*, nought is *Great*.
 Sing *Sirens* only ? Do, not Angels sing ?
 There is in *Poesy* a decent Pride,
 Which well becomes her when she speaks to *Prose*,
 Her younger Sister, haply, not more wise.

Think'st thou, *Lorenzo* ! to find Pastimes here ?
 No guilty Passion blown into a Flame,
 No Foible flatter'd, Dignity disgrac'd,
 No fairy Field of Fiction all on Flower,
 No Rainbow Colours, *here*, or silken Tale ;
 But solemn *Counsels*, Images of awe,
Truths,

Truths, which Eternity lets fall on Man
 With double Weight, through these revolving Spheres,
 This Death-deep Silence, and incumbent Shade.
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last Hour ;
 Visit uncall'd, and live when Life expires ;
 And thy dark Pencil, *Midnight* ! darker still
 In Melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, even this, my Laughter-loving Friends !
Lorenzo ! and thy Brothers of the Smile !
 If what imports you most, can most engage,
 Shall steal your Ear, and chain you to my Song.
 Or if you fail me, know, the Wise shall taste
 The Truths I sing ; The Truths I sing shall feel,
 And feeling give Assent, and their Assent
 Is ample Recompence, is more than Praise.
 But chiefly Thine, O *Litchfield* ! nor mistake ;
 Think not un-introduc'd I force my Way ;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unally'd,
 By Virtue, or by Blood, illustrious Youth !

To thee, from blooming *Amaranthine* Bowers,
 Where all the Language *Harmony*, descends
 Uncall'd, and asks Admittance for the Muse.
 A Muse that will not pain thee with thy Praise ;
 Thy Praise she drops, by nobler still inspir'd.

O Thou ! Blest Spirit ! *whether*, the Supreme,
 Great antemundane Father ! in whose Breast
 Embrio-creation, unborn Being dwelt,
 And all its various Revolutions rowl'd
 Present, tho' future ; Prior to themselves ;
 Whose Breath can blow it into Nought again ;
 Or, from his Throne some delegated Pow'r,
 Who, studious of our Peace, dost turn the Thought
 From vain, and vile, to solid, and sublime !
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious Draughts
 Of Inspiration, from a purer Stream,
 And fuller of the God, than that which burst
 From fam'd *Castalia* ; nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred Thirst ; though long my Soul has rang'd
 Through

Through pleasing Paths of *Moral*, and *Divine*,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the *Stars*.

By *them* best lighted are the Paths of *Thought* ;
Nights are their *Days*, their most illumin'd Hours.
By *Day*, the Soul o'erborn by Life's Career,
Stunn'd by the Din, and giddy with the Glare,
Reels far from Reason, jostled by the Throng.
By *Day* the Soul is passive, all her Thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken, e'er mature.
By *Night* from Objects free, from Passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpress'd, the Births
Of pure Election, arbitrary range,
Not to the Limits of one World confin'd ;
But from *Ethereal* Travels light on *Earth*,
As Voyagers drop Anchor, for Repose.

Let *Indians*, and the Gay, like *Indians*, fond
Of feather'd Fopperies, the Sun adore :
Darkness has more Divinity for me ;
It strikes Thought inward, it drives back the Soul
To settle on Herself, our Point supreme !

There

There lies our Theatre ; there sits our Judge.
Darkness the Curtain drops o'er Life's dull Scene ;
 'Tis the kind Hand of Providence stretcht out
 'Twixt Man, and Vanity ; 'tis *Reason's* Reign,
 And *Virtue's* too ; these Tutelary Shades
 Are Man's *Asylum* from the tainted Throng.
Night is the good Man's *Friend*, and *Guardian* too ;
 It no less *rescues* *Virtue*, than *inspires*.

Virtue for ever Frail, as Fair, below,
 Her tender Nature suffers in the Croud,
 Nor touches on the World, without a Stain ;
 The World's infectious ; few bring back at Eve
 Immaculate, the Manners of the Morn.
 Something we *thought*, is blotted ; we *resolv'd*,
 Is shaken ; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
 Each *Salutation* may slide in a Sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former Flaw.
 Nor is it strange, *Light*, *Motion*, *Concourse*, *Noise*,
 All, scatter us abroad ; Thought outward-bound
 Neglectful of our Home-affairs, flies off

In Fume and Dissipation, quits her Charge,
And leaves the Breast ungarded to the Foe.

Present Example gets within our Guard,
And acts with *double* Force, by few repell'd.

Ambition fires *Ambition* ; *Love of Gain*
Strikes, like a Pestilence, from Breast to Breast ;

Riot, Pride, Perfidy, blue Vapours breath ;

And *Inhumanity* is caught from Man ;

From smiling Man. A flight, a single Glance,

And Shot at random, often has brought Home,

A sudden Fever, to the throbbing Heart,

Of *Envy, Rancour, or impure Desire.*

We see, we hear with Peril ; *Safety* dwells

Remote from *Multitude* ; the World's a School

Of *Wrong*, and what Proficients swarm around ?

We must or imitate, or disapprove ;

Must list as their Accomplices, or Foes ;

That stains our Innocence ; *This* wounds our Peace.

From Nature's Birth, hence, *Wisdom* has been smit

With

With sweet Recess, and languisht for the Shade.

This sacred Shade, and Solitude, what is it ?
'Tis the felt Presence of the Deity.

Few are the Faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her Allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other Objects, black by Night,
By Night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial Friend ;
The conscious Moon, through every distant Age,
Has held a Lamp to *Wisdom*, and let fall
On *Contemplation's* Eye, her purging Ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from Heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with Men,
And form their Manners, not inflame their Pride,
While o'er his Head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring Mind, the Stars in Silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future Guest,
See him solliciting his ardent Suit,
In private Audience : All the live-long-night,

Rigid

Rigid in Thought, and motionless he stands,
 Nor quits his Theme, or Posture, till the Sun
 (Rude Drunkard rising Rosy from the Main !)
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual Beam,
 And gives him to the Tumult of the World.
 Hail, precious Moments ! stol'n from the black Waste
 Of murder'd Time : Auspicious *Midnight* ! Hail !
 The World excluded, every Passion hush'd,
 And open'd a calm Intercourse with Heav'n,
Here, the Soul sits in Council, ponders *past*,
 Predestines *future* Action ; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous Life ; and reasons with the Storm ;
 All her Lies answers, and thinks down her Charms.

What awful Joy ? What mental Liberty ?

I am not pent in Darknefs ; rather say
 (If not too bold) in Darknefs I'm embower'd.
 Delightful Gloom ! the clust'ring Thoughts around
 Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the Shade ;
 But droop by Day, and sicken in the *Sun*.
Thought borrows Light elsewhere ; from that *First* Fire,

With sweet Recess, and languisht for the Shade.

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 Predestines *future* Action ; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous Life ; and reasons with the Storm ;
 All her Lies answers, and thinks down her Charms.

What awful Joy ? What mental Liberty ?
 I am not pent in Darkness ; rather say
 (If not too bold) in Darkness I'm embower'd.
 Delightful Gloom ! the clust'ring Thoughts around
 Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the Shade ;
 But droop by Day, and sicken in the *Sun*.
Thought borrows Light elsewhere ; from that *First* Fire,
 C Foun-

Fountain of Animation ! whence descends
Urania, my celestial Guest ! who deigns
 Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and *now*
 Conscious, how needful Discipline to Man,
 From pleasing Dalliance with the Charms of *Night*,
 My wand'ring Thought recalls, to what excites
 Far other beat of Heart ; *Narcissa's* Tomb !

Or is it feeble Nature calls me back ?
 And breaks my Spirit into Grief again ?
 Is it a *Stygian* Vapour in my Blood ?
 A cold, flow Puddle, creeping thro' my Veins ?
 Or is it *thus* with all Men ?---Thus, with all.
 What are we ? how unequal ? now we soar,
 And now we sink ; to be *the same*, transcends
 Our present Prowess. Dearly pays the *Soul*
 For Lodging-ill ; too dearly rents her Clay.
Reason, a baffled Counsellor ! but adds
 The Blush of Weakness, to the Bane of Woe.
 The noblest Spirit fighting her hard Fate,
 In this damp, dusky Region, charg'd with Storms,
 But

But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
 Or Flying, short her Flight, and sure her Fall.
 Our utmost Strength! when down, to rise again;
 And not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our Praise.

'Tis vain to seek in Men, for more than Man.
 Tho' proud in Promise, big in previous Thought,
Experience damps our Triumph. I, who late,
 Emerging from the Shadows of the Grave,
 Where *Grief* detain'd me Prisoner, mounting high
 Threw wide the Gates of everlasting Day,
 And call'd Mankind to Glory, shook off *Pain*,
Mortality shook off, in Æther pure,
 And struck the Stars; *now* feel my Spirits fail,
 They drop me from the Zenith, down I rush
 Like him, whom Fable fledg'd with waxen Wings,
 In Sorrow drown'd.---But not, in Sorrow, lost.
 How wretched is the Man, who never mourn'd?
 I dive for precious Pearl, in *Sorrow's* Stream:
 Not so the thoughtless Man that *only* grieves;
 Takes all the Torment, and rejects the Gain,

(Inestimable Gain !) and gives Heaven Leave
To make him but more Wretched, not more Wise.

If Wisdom is our Lesson, (and what else
Ennobles Man ? what else have Angels learnt ?)
Grief ! more Proficients in thy School are made,
Than *Genius*, or proud *Learning*, e'er could boast.
Voracious *Learning*, often overfed,
Digests not into Sense her motley Meal.
This *Book-Case*, with dark Booty almost burst,
This *Forager* on others Wisdom, leaves
Her Native-Farm, her *Reason* quite untill'd.
With mixt Manure she surfeits the rank Soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd ; and rich to Beggary.
A Pomp untameable of Weed prevails.
Her *Servant's* Wealth encumber'd *Wisdom* mourns.

And what says *Genius* ? “ *Let the Dull be Wise.* ”
Genius too hard for Right, can prove it Wrong.
And loves to boast, where blush Men less inspir'd.
It pleads Exemption from the Laws of *Sense* ;
Considers *Reason* as a Leveller,

And

And scorns to share a Blessing with the Croud.
 That Wise it *could* be, thinks an ample Claim
 To *Glory*, and to *Pleasure* gives the rest.

Crassus but sleeps, *Ardelio* is undone.

Wisdom less shudders at a Fool, than Wit.

But *Wisdom* smiles, when humbled Mortals weep.
 When *Sorrow* wounds the Breast, as Plows the Glebe,
 And Hearts obdurate feel her softning Shower :

Her Seed Celestial, then, glad *Wisdom* sows,

Her golden Harvest triumphs in the Soil.

If so, *Narcissa* ! welcome my *Relapse* ;

I'll raise a Tax on my Calamity,

And reap rich Compensation from my Pain.

I'll range the plenteous, Intellectual Field ;

And gather ev'ry Thought of sovereign Power,

To chase the Moral maladies of Man ;

Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the Skies,

Tho' Natives of this coarse penurious Soil,

Nor wholly wither *there*, where *Seraphs* sing ;

Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in Heaven.

Reason,

Reason, the Sun that gives them Birth, the same
 In either Clime, tho' more illustrious *There*;
 These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
 Shall form a Garland for *Narcissa's* Tomb;
 And, peradventure, of no fading Flowers.

Say on what Themes shall puzzled Choice descend?
 "Th' Importance of Contemplating the Tomb;
 " *Why* Men decline it; *Suicide's* foul Birth;
 " The various *Kinds of Grief*; the *Faults of Age*;
 " And *Death's* dread Character---invite my Song.

And first the Importance of our End survey'd.
 Friends counsel quick Dismission of our Grief;
 Mistaken Kindness! our Hearts heal too soon.
 Are *They* more kind than *He*, who struck the Blow?
 Who bid it do his Errand in our Hearts,
 And banish Peace, till nobler Guests arrive,
 And bring it back, a true, and endless Peace?
 Calamities are *Friends*: As glaring *Day*
 Of these unnumbered Lustres robs our Sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumbered Thoughts
 Of Import high, and Light divine to Man.

The Man how blest, who sick of gaudy Scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves !)
 Is led by Choice to take his favourite Walk,
 Beneath *Death's* gloomy, silent, Cypress Shades,
 Unpierc'd by *Vanity's* fantastic Ray ;
 To read his Monuments, to weigh his Dust,
 Visit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs ?
Lorenzo ! read with me *Narcissa's* Stone ;
 (*Narcissa* was thy Favourite) let us read
 Her moral Stone ; few Doctors preach so well.
 Few Orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling Heart. What *Pathos* in the Date ?
 Apt Words can strike, and yet in them we see
 Faint Images of what we, here, enjoy.
 What Cause have we to build on Length of Life ?
Temptations seize, when *Fear* is laid asleep ;
 And Ill foreboded is our strongest Guard.

See from her Tomb, as from an humble Shrine,
Truth, radiant Goddess ! fallies on my Soul,
 And put *Delusion's* dusky Train to Flight ;
Dispells

Dispells the Mists our sultry *Passions* raise,
 From Objects low, terrestrial, and obscene,
 And shews the *Real* Estimate of Things;
 Which no Man, unafflicted, ever saw;
 Pulls off the Veil from *Virtue's* rising Charms;
 Detects *Temptation* in a thousand Lies.
Truth bids me look on Men, as *Autumn* Leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the Summer's Dust,
 Driven by the Whirlwind; lighted by her Beams,
 I widen my Horizon, gain new Powers,
 See Things invisible, feel Things remote,
 Am present with Futurities; think nought
 To Man so foreign, as the Joys possess,
 Nought so much his as those beyond the Grave.

No *Folly* keeps its Colour in *her* Sight.
 Pale *worldly Wisdom* loses all her Charms;
 In pompous Promise from her Schemes profound,
 If future Fate she plans, 'tis all in Leaves
 Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting Bliss!
 At the first Blast it vanishes in Air.

Truths,

Not so, *Celestial*: wouldst Thou know, *Lorenzo*!
 How differ *worldly* Wisdom, and *Divine*?
 Just as the waining, and the waxing Moon.
 More empty *worldly* Wisdom every Day;
 And every Day more fair her *Rival* shines.
 When *Later* there's less Time to play the Fool.
 Soon our whole Term for Wisdom is expir'd.
 (Thou know'st she calls no Council in the Grave)
 And everlasting Fool is writ in Fire,
 Or *real* Wisdom wafts us to the Skies.

As worldly Schemes resemble *Sybil's* Leaves,
 The Good Man's Days to *Sybil's* Books compare,
 (In antient Story read, Thou know'st the Tale)
 In Price still rising, as in Number less,
 Inestimable quite his Final Hour.
 For That who Thrones can offer, offer Thrones;
 Insolvent Worlds the Purchase cannot pay.
 "Oh let me die His Death!" all Nature cries.
 "Then live his Life"---All Nature falters there.

Our great Physician daily to consult,
To commune with the *Grave*, our only Cure.

What Grave prescribes the best?--a Friend's; and yet
From a Friend's Grave, how soon we disengage?
Even to the dearest, as his Marble, cold.

Why are Friends raviſht from us? 'tis to bind,
By ſoft Affection's Tyes, on human Hearts,
The Thought of Death, which *Reason* too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *There*.

Nor Reason, nor Affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the Witchcrafts of the World.

Behold th' inexorable Hour at hand!

Behold th' inexorable Hour forgot!

And to forget it, the chief *Aim* of Life;

Tho' well to ponder it, is Life's chief *End*.

Is Death, that ever threatning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only ſure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected Guest?

Nay, tho' invited by the loudeſt Calls
Of blind *Imprudence*, unexpected ſtill?

Tho'

Tho' num'rous Messengers are sent before
 To warn his Great Arrival. What the Cause,
 The wond'rous Cause, of this Mysterious Ill ?
 All Heaven looks down astonish'd at the Sight.

Is it, that Life has sown her Joys so thick,
 We can't thrust in a single Care between ?
 Is it, that Life has such a swarm of Cares,
 The Thought of Death can't enter for the Throng ?
 Is it, that *Time* steals on with downy Feet,
 Nor wakes *Indulgence* from her Golden Dream ?
To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats ;
 We take the lying Sister for the same.
 Life glides away, *Lorenzo* ! like a Brook ;
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the Change.
 In the same Brook none ever bath'd him twice :
 To the same Life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the Brook the same ; the same we think
 Our Life, tho' still more rapid in its Flow ;
 Nor mark the *Much* irrevocably laps'd,
 And mingled with the Sea. Or shall we say
 (Retaining

(Retaining still the Brook to bear us on)
 That Life is like a Vessel on the Stream?
 In Life embark'd, we smoothly down the Tide
 Of *Time* descend, but not on *Time* intent;
 Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding Wave;
 Till on a sudden we perceive a Shock;
 We start, awake, look out; what see we there?
 Our brittle Bark is burst on *Charon's* Shore.

Is this the Cause *Death* flies all human Thought?
 Or is it, *Judgment* by the *Will* struck blind,
 That domineering Mistress of the Soul!
 Like *him* so strong by *Dalilah* the fair?
 Or is it *Fear* turns startled *Reason* back,
 From looking down a Precipice so steep?
 'Tis dreadful; and the Dread is wisely plac'd,
 By Nature conscious of the make of Man.
 A dreadful Friend it is, a Terror kind,
 A flaming Sword to guard the Tree of Life.
 By that unaw'd, in Life's most smiling Hour,
 The *Good Man* would repine; would *suffer* Joys,
 And

And burn impatient for his promis'd Skies.
 The *Bad* on each punctilious Pique of Pride,
 Or Gloom of Humour, would give Rage the Rein,
 Bound o'er the Barrier, rush into the Dark,
 And marr the Schemes of Providence below.

What Groan was that, *Lorenzo* !---Furies ! rise
 And drown in your less execrable Yell,
Britannia's Shame. There took her gloomy Flight,
 On Wing impetuous, a Black fullen Soul,
 Blasted from Hell, with horrid Lust of Death.
 Thy Friend, the Brave, the Gallant *Altamont*,
 So call'd, so thought---And then he fled the Field.
 Less Base the Fear of Death, than Fear of Life.
 O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide !
 An Island in thy Manners ! far disjoin'd
 From the whole World of *Rationals* beside.
 In ambient Waves plunge thy polluted Head,
 Wash the dire Stain, nor shock the Continent.

But Thou be shock'd, while I detect the Cause
 Of *Self-Affault*, expose the Monster's Birth,

And bid *Abhorrence* hiss it round the World.
 Blame not thy Clime, nor chide the distant Sun ;
 The Sun is innocent, thy Clime absolv'd,
Immoral Climes kind Nature never made.
 The Cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
 And proves, It is thy Folly, not thy Fate.

The Soul of Man, (let Man in Homage bow
 Who names his Soul) a Native of the Skies !
 Highborn, and free, her Freedom should maintain,
 Unfold, unmortgag'd for *Earth's* little Bribes.
 The illustrious Stranger, in this foreign Land,
 Like Strangers, jealous of her Dignity,
 Studios of Home, and ardent to return,
 Of *Earth* suspicious, *Earth's* enchanted Cup
 With cool Reserve light-touching, should indulge
 On *Immortality*, her Godlike Taste;
There take large Draughts ; make her chief Banquet

But some reject this Sustenance Divine ;
 To beggarly vile Appetites descend ;
 Ask Alms of *Earth*, for Guests that came from *Heaven* ;
 Sink

Sink into Slaves ; and sell for *present* Hire,
 Their rich Reversion, and (what shares its Fate,)
 Their native *Freedom*, to the Prince who sways
 This nether World. And when his Payments fail,
 When his foul Basket gorges them no more ;
 Or their pall'd Palates loath the Basket full,
 Are, instantly, with wild Dæmoniac Rage,
 For breaking all the Chains of Providence,
 And bursting their Confinement ; tho' fast barr'd
 By Laws divine and human ; guarded strong
 With *Horrors* doubled to defend the Pass,
 The blackest *Nature*, or dire *Guilt* can raise ;
 And moated round, with fathomless *Destruction*,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their Fall.

Such, *Britons* ! is the *Cause*, to you unknown,
 Or worse, o'erlook'd ; o'erlook'd by Magistrates,
 Thus, Criminals themselves. I grant the Deed
 Is Madness ; but the Madness of the *Heart*.
 And what is that ? our utmost bound of Guilt.
 A sensual, unreflecting Life is big
 With

With monstrous Births, and *Suicide*, to crown
 The black infernal Brood. The Bold to break
 Heaven's Law supreme, and desperately rush
 Thro' sacred *Nature's* Murder, on their own,
 Because they never *think of Death*, they die.
 'Tis equally Man's Duty, Glory, Gain,
 At once to shun, and meditate, his End.
 When by the Bed of Languishment we sit,
 (The Seat of *Wisdom* ! if our Choice, not Fate)
 Or, o'er our dying Friends, in Anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold Dew, or stay the sinking Head,
 Number their Moments, and in ev'ry Clock,
 Start at the Voice of an Eternity ;
 See the dim Lamp of Life just feebly lift,
 An agonizing Beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into Death,
 That most Pathetic Herald of our own ;
 How read we such sad Scenes ? as sent to Man
 In perfect Vengeance ? no ; in Pity sent,
 To melt him down, like Wax, and then impress

In-

Indelible, *Death's* Image on his Heart ;
 Bleeding for others, Trembling for himself.
 We bleed, we tremble ; we forget, we smile.
 The Mind turns Fool, before the Cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning *Folly* cancels all ;
 As the Tide rushing rases what is writ
 In yielding Sands, and smooths the Letter'd Shore.

Lorenzo ! hast thou ever weigh'd a *Sigh* ?
 Or studied the Philosophy of *Tears* ?
 (A Science, yet, unlectur'd in our Schools.)
 Hast thou descended deep into the Breast,
 And seen their Source ? If not, descend with me,
 And trace these briny Riv'lets to their Springs.

Our Funeral Tears, from different Causes, rise.
 As if, from separate Cisterns in the Soul,
 Of *various Kinds*, they flow. From tender Hearts,
 By soft Contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
 And stream obsequious to the leading Eye.
Some, ask more Time, by curious *Art* distill'd.
 Some Hearts in secret hard, unapt to melt,

Struck by the Magic of the Public eye,
 Like *Moses'* smitten Rock, gush out amain.
 Some weep to share the Fame of the Deceas'd,
 So high in Merit, and to them so Dear.
 They dwell on Praises, which they think they share,
 And thus, without a Blush, commend Themselves.
 Some mourn in Proof that something they could love.
 They weep not to *relieve* their Grief, but *show*.
 Some weep in perfect Justice to the Dead,
 As Conscious all their Love is in Arrear.
 Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,
 Tears, sometimes, aid the Conquest of an Eye.
 With what Address the soft *Ephesians* draw
 Their Sable Net-work o'er entangled Hearts?
 As seen through Crystal, how their Roses glow,
 While *liquid Pearl* runs trickling down their Cheek?
 Of hers, not prouder *Egypt's* wanton Queen,
 Carousing Gems, herself dissolv'd in Love.
 Some weep at *Death*, abstracted from the *Dead*,
 And celebrate, like *Charles*, their own Decease.

By kind Construction some are deem'd to weep,
Because a decent Veil conceals their Joy.

Some weep in Earnest; and yet weep in Vain;
As deep in Indiscretion, as in Woe.

Passion, blind *Passion*! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more Tears; while *Reason* sleeps
Or gazes, like an Idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the Storm;
Knows not It speaks to *Her*, and her *alone*.

Irrationals all Sorrow are beneath,
That noble Gift! that Privilege of Man!
From *Sorrow's* Pang, the Birth of endless Joy.
But *These* are barren of that Birth divine.
They weep impetuous, as the Summer-Storm,
And full as short! The cruel *Grief* soon tam'd,
They make a Pastime of the stinging Tale;
Far as the deep-resounding Knell, they spread
The dreadful News, and hardly feel it more.
No Grain of *Wisdom* pays them for their *Woe*.

Half round the Globe, the Tears pump'd up by *Death*
Are spent in watering Vanities of Life;

In making *Folly* flourish still more fair.
 When the sick Soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
 Reclines on Earth, and sorrows in the Dust ;
 Instead of learning *there*, her *true Support*,
 Tho' there thrown down, her true Support to learn,
 Without Heaven's Aid, impatient to be Blest,
 She crawls to the next Shrub, or Bramble vile,
 Tho' from the stately Cedar's Arms she fell,
 With stale, foresworn Embraces, clings anew,
 The Stranger weds, and blossoms as before,
 In all the fruitless Fopperies of Life.
 Presents her Weed well-fancied, at the Ball,
 * And raffles for the Death's-Head on the Ring.

So wept *Aurelia*, till the destin'd Youth
 Stept in, with his Receipt for making Smiles ;
 And blanching Sables into bridal Bloom.
 So wept *Lorenzo* fair *Clarissa's* Fate ;
 Who gave that Angel-Boy, on whom he doats ;
 And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his Birth !
 Not such *Narcissa* ! my Distress for Thee.

I'll make an Altar of thy sacred Tomb
 To sacrifice to Wisdom.---What wast Thou?
 "*Young, Gay, and Fortunate!*" Each yields a Theme.
 I'll dwell on each, to shun Thought more severe;
 (Heaven knows I labour with severer still!)
 I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy Death.
 A Soul without Reflection, like a Pile
 Without Inhabitant, to Ruin runs.

And, First, thy *Youth*. What says it to Grey Hairs?
Narcissa I'm become *thy* Pupil now---
 Early, Bright, Transient, Chast, as Morning Dew
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heav'n.
Time on this Head has snow'd, yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* Grave.
 Cover'd with Shame I speak it, *Age* severe,
 Old worn-out Vice sets down for Virtue fair.
 With graceless Gravity, chastising Youth,
 That Youth chastis'd surpassing in a Fault,
 Father of all, Forgetfulness of Death.
 As if, like Objects pressing on the Sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:

Or, that Life's Loan *Time* ripen'd into Right;
 And Men might plead Prescription from the Grave;
 Deathless, from Repetition of Reprieve,
 Deathless? far from it! *such* are Dead already;
 Their Hearts are buried, and the World their Grave.

Tell me some God! my Guardian Angel! tell,
 What thus infatuates? what Enchantment plants
 The Phantom of an Age, 'twixt us and Death,
 Already at the Door? He knocks, we hear him,
 And yet we will not hear. What Mail defends
 Our untouch'd Hearts? what Miracle turns off
 The pointed Thought, which from a Thousand Quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
 We stand, as in a Battle, Throngs on Throngs
 Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
 Tho' bleeding with our Wounds, Immortal still!
 We see Time's furrows on another's Brow,
 And Death intrench'd, preparing his Assault;
 How few themselves, in that just Mirror, see?
 Or seeing, draw their Inference as strong?
There Death is certain; doubtfull *Here*; He *must*,

And *soon* ; we *may*, within *an Age*, expire.
 Though grey our Heads, our Thoughts and Aims are
 Like damag'd Clocks, whose Hand and Bell dissent, ^{[Green ;}
Folly sings Six, while *Nature* points at Twelve.

Abfurd *Longevity* ! more, more, It cries :
 More Life, more Wealth, more Trash of ev'ry Kind.
 And wherefore mad for more, when Relish fails ?
Object, and *Appetite*, must club for Joy ;
 Shall *Folly* labour hard to mend the Bow,
 Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
 While *Nature* is relaxing ev'ry String ?
 Ask *Thought* for Joy ; grow rich and hoard *within*.
 Think you the Soul, when this Life's Rattles cease,
 Has nothing of more Manly to succeed ?
 Contract the Taste immortal ; learn even Now
 To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your Joys for ever.
 Of *Age*, the Glory is to *wish* to die.
 That Wish is *Praise* and *Promise* ; It applauds
 Past Life, and promises our future Bliss.
 What Weakness see not Children in their Sires ?

Grand-climaſterical Abſurdities !
 Grey-hair'd Authority to Faults of Youth,
 How ſhocking ? It makes Folly thrice a Fool ;
 And our firſt Childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
Peace and *Eſteem* is all that Age can Hope.
 Nothing but *Wiſdom* gives the *firſt* ; the *laſt*,
 Nothing, but the *Repute of being Wiſe*.
Folly bars both ; our Age is twice undone.

What Folly can be ranker ? like our Shadows,
 Our Wiſhes lengthen, as our Sun declines.
 No Wiſh ſhould loiter, *then*, this ſide the Grave.
 Our Hearts ſhould leave the World, before the Knell
 Calls for our Carcaſſes to mend the Soil.
 Enough to Live in Tempeſt, Die in Port ;
 Age ſhould fly Concoure, cover in Retreat
 Defects of *Judgment* ; and the *Will's* ſubdue ;
 Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn Shore,
 Of that vaſt Ocean It muſt fail ſo ſoon ;
 And put *Good-works* on Board ; and wait the Wind
 That ſhortly blows us into Worlds unknown ;
 If unconfider'd too, a Dreadful Scene !

All should be Prophets to themselves, foresee
 Their future Fate ; their future Fate foretaste ;
 This Art would waste the Bitterness of Death.
 The *Thought* of Death alone, the *Fear* destroys.
 A Disaffection to that pretious Thought
 Is more than *Midnight* Darkness on the Soul,
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a *Precipice*,
 Puff'd off by the first Blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask *Lorenzo*, why so warmly prest,
 By Repetition hammer'd on thine Ear,
 The Thought of Death? That Thought is the Machine,
 The grand Machine! that heaves us from the Dust,
 And rears us into Men. That Thought ply'd Home
 Will soon reduce the ghastly *Precipice*
 O'er hanging Hell, will soften the Descent,
 And gently slope our Passage to the Grave ;
 How warmly to be wisht? what Heart of Flesh,
 Would trifle with Tremendous? dare Extremes?
 Yawn o'er the Fate of Infinite? what Hand,
 Beyond the blackest Brand of Censure bold,

(To speak a Language *too well* known to Thee)
 Would at a Moment give its *all* to Chance,
 And stamp the Die for an Eternity ?

Aid me *Narcissa* ! Aid me to keep Pace
 With *Destiny* ; and e'er her Scissars cut
 My thread of Life, to break this tougher Thread
 Of Moral Death, that ties me to the World.
 Sting thou my slumb'ring *Reason* to send forth
 A Thought of Observation on the Foe ;
 To sally, and survey the rapid March
 Of his ten thousand Messengers to Man ;
 Who, *Jehu*-like, behind him turns them all.
 All *Accident* apart, by *Nature* sign'd,
 My Warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet ;
 Perhaps behind one Moment lurks my Fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for Death ?
Backward I turn mine Eye, and find him there.
 Man is a Self-survivor ev'ry Year.
 Man, like a Stream, is in perpetual Flow.
 Death's a destroyer of Quotidian prey.

My

My *Youth*, my *Noon-tide*, His; my *Yesterday*;

The bold Invader shares the *present* Hour.

Each Moment on the former shuts the Grave.

While Man is growing, Life is in Decrease;

And Cradles rock us nearer to the Tomb.

Our Birth is nothing but our Death begun;

As Tapers wast, that Instant they take Fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,

Which comes to pass each Moment of our Lives?

If fear we must, let *that* Death turn us pale

Which murders *Strength*, and *Ardor*; what remains

Should rather call on Death than dread his Call.

Ye partners of my Fault, and my decline! [Knell

Thoughtless of Death, but when your Neighbour's

(Rude Visitant!) knocks hard at your dull Sense,

And with its Thunder, scarce obtains your Ear!

Be Death your Theme, in ev'ry place and Hour,

Nor longer want, ye Monumental Sires!

A Brother Tomb to tell you you shall Die.

That Death you *dread* (so great is Nature's Skill!)

Know, you shall *court*, before you shall Enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in Volumes, deep you sit ;
 In Wisdom shallow : pompous Ignorance !
 Would you be still more learned, than the Learn'd ?
 Learn well to know how much need not be known.
 And what that *Knowledge*, which impares your *Sense*.
 Our needful *Knowledge*, like our needful food,
 Unhedg'd, lies open in Life's common field ;
 And bids *all* welcome to the Vital Feast.
 You scorn what lies before you in the Page
 Of *Nature*, and *Experience*, Moral Truth ;
 Of indispenfible, Eternal Fruit ;
 Fruit, on which Mortals feeding turn to Gods ;
 And dive in *Science* for distinguish'd Names,
 Dishonest Fomentation of your Pride ;
 Sinking in Virtue, as you rise in Fame.
 Your Learning, like the *Lunar* Beam, affords
 Light, but not Heat ; It leaves You undevout,
 Frozen at Heart, while Speculation shines.
 Awake, ye curious Indagators ! Fond

Of knowing All, but what avails you known.
 If you would learn *Death's Character* ; attend.
 All casts of Conduct, all degrees of Health,
 All dies of Fortune, and all Dates of Age,
 Together shook in his impartial Urn,
 Come forth at random. Or if Choice is made,
 The Choice is quite sarcastic, and insults
 All bold Conjecture, and fond Hopes of Man.
 What countless Multitudes, not only *leave*,
 But deeply *disappoint* us, by their Deaths ?
 Tho' great our Sorrow, greater our surprize.

Like other Tyrants, *Death* delights to smite,
 What smitten, most proclaims the Pride of Power,
 And arbitrary Nod. His Joy supreme,
 To bid the Wretch survive the Fortunate ;
 The Feeble, wrap th' Athletic in his Shroud ;
 And weeping Fathers, build their Children's Tomb ;
 Me Thine, *Narcissa* ! --- What tho' short thy Date ?
Virtue, not rolling Suns, the Mind matures.
 That Life is long, which answers Life's great End.

The

The Time that bears no Fruit, deserves no Name ;
 The Man of Wisdom is the Man of Years.
 In hoary Youth *Methusalem's* may die,
 O how misdated on their flattering Tombs?

Narcissa's Youth has lectur'd me thus far.

And can her *Gaiety* give Council too ?
 That, like the *Jews* fam'd Oracle of Gems,
 Sparkles Instruction ; such as throws new Light,
 And opens more the *Character of Death* ;
 Ill known to thee, *Lorenzo ! This thy Vaunt,*
 “ Give Death his Due, the Wretched, and the Old,
 “ E'en let him sweep his Rubbish to the Grave ;
 “ Let him not violate kind Nature's Laws,
 “ But own Man born to *Live*, as well as *Die*.”

Wretched and Old Thou giv'st Him ; *Young and Gay*
 He takes ; and *Plunder* is a Tyrant's Joy.

What if I prove ; “ The farthest from the *Fear*,
 “ Are often nearest to the *Stroke* of Fate ? ”

All, more than common, Menaces an End.

A Blaze betokens Brevity of Life.

As if bright Embers should emit a Flame,
 Glad Spirits sparkled from *Narcissa's* Eye,
 And made Youth younger, and taught Life to Live.
 As Nature's Opposites wage endless War,
 For *this* Offence, as Treason to the deep,
 Inviolable Stupor of his Reign,
 Where *Lust*, and turbulent *Ambition* sleep,
Death took swift Vengeance. As He Life detests,
 More Life is still more Odious, and reduc'd
 By Conquest, aggrandizes more his Power.
 But wherefore aggrandiz'd? By Heaven's Decree,
 To plant the Soul on her eternal Guard,
 In awful Expectation of our End.
Thus runs *Death's* dread Commission: "Strike, but *so*,
 " As most alarms the Living by the Dead."
 Hence *Stratagem* delights him, and *Surprize*,
 And cruel sport with Man's Securities.
 Not simple Conquest, Triumph is his Aim,
 And where least fear'd, there Conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold Assertion not too Bold.

What are *His* Arts to lay our Fears asleep?
Tiberian Arts his Purposes wrap up
 In Deep Dissimulation's darkest Night.
 Like Princes unconfest in foreign Courts,
 Who travel under Cover, *Death* assumes
 The Name, and Look of *Life*, and dwells among us.
 He takes all Shapes that serve his black Designs ;
 Tho' Master of a wider Empire far
 Than that, o'er which the *Roman* Eagle flew,
 Like *Nero*, He's a Fidler, Charioteer,
 Or drives his *Phaeton*, in Female Guise ;
 Quite unsuspected, till the Wheel beneath,
 His disarray'd Oblation he devours.

He most affects the Forms least like himself,
 His Slender Self. Hence burly Corpulence
 Is his familiar Wear, and sleek Disguise.
 Behind the rosy Bloom he loves to lurk,
 Or, Ambush in a Smile ; or, wanton dive
 In Dimple's deep ; Love's eddies, which draw in
 Unwary Hearts, and sink them in Despair.

Such

Such, on *Narcissa's* Couch, he loiter'd long,
Unknown ; and when detected, still was seen
To *smile* ; such Peace has Innocence in Death !

Most happy they ! whom least his Arts deceive.
One Eye on *Death*, and one full fix'd on *Heaven*,
Becomes a Mortal, and Immortal Man.
Long on his Wiles a piqu'd, and jealous Spy,
I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the Tyrant *dress* ;
Lay by his Horrors, and put on his Smiles.
Say Muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And shew *Lorenzo* the surprizing Scene ;
If 'twas a Dream, his Genius can explain.

'Twas in a Circle of the *Gay*, I stood.
Death would have enter'd ; *Nature* pusht him back ;
Supported by a Doctor of Renown,
His Point He gain'd. Then artfully dismiss
The Sage, for *Death* design'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old Vivacious Usurer
His Meager Aspect, and his naked Bones ;
In Gratitude for plumping up His Prey,

A pamper'd Spendthrift ; whose fantastic Air,
 Well fashion'd Figure, and cockaded Brow,
 He took in change, and underneath the Pride
 Of costly Linnen, tuck'd his filthy Shroud.
 His crooked Bow he straitned to a Cane ;
 And hid his deadly Shafts in *Myra's* Eye.

The dreadful Masquerader thus equipt,
 Out-fallies on Adventures. Ask you where ?
 Where is He not ? For his peculiar haunts,
 Let *this* suffice ; sure as Night follows Day,
Death treads in *Pleasure's* footsteps round the World,
 When *Pleasure* treads the Paths, which *Reason* shuns.
 When, against *Reason*, *Riot* shuts the door,
 And *Gayety* supplies the Place of *Sense*,
 Then foremost at the Banquet, and the Ball,
Death leads the Dance, or stamps the deadly Die ;
 Nor ever fails the Midnight Bowl to crown.
 Gayly carousing to his gay Compeers,
 Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
 As Absent far, and when the Revel burns,

When *Fear* is banisht, and triumphant Thought
 Calling for all the Joys beneath the Moon,
 Against Him turns the Key ; and bids him Sup
 With their progenitors, --- He drops his Mask,
 Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden Terror and Surprize,
 From His black Masque of Nitre, touch'd by Fire
 He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
 And is not this triumphant Treachery,
 And *more than simple Conquest* in the Fiend ?

And now *Lorenzo* ! dost thou wrap thy Soul
 In soft security, because unknown
 Which Moment is commissioned to destroy ?
 In *Death's* uncertainty thy Danger lies
 Is *Death* uncertain ? therefore Thou be fixt ;
 Fixt as a Centinel, all Eye, all Ear,
 All Expectation of the coming Foe.
 Rouse, stand in Arms, nor lean against thy Spear,
 Left Slumber steal one Moment o'er thy Soul,
 And *Fate* surprize thee nodding. Watch, be strong ;
 Thus

Thus give each Day the Merit, and Renown,
 Of dying well ; tho' doom'd but once to Die.
 Nor let Life's *period* hidden, (as from most,)
 Hide too from Thee, the precious *use* of Life.

Early, not sudden, was *Narcissa's* Fate.
 Soon, not surprizing, *Death* his Visit paid.
 Her Thought went forth to meet him on his way,
 Nor *Gayety* forgot It was to Die.
 Tho' *Fortune* too (our third and final Theme)
 As an Accomplice plaid her gaudy Plumes,
 And ev'ry glittering Gewgaw on her Sight,
 To dazzle, and debauch it from its Mark.
Death's dreadful Advent is the Mark of Man ;
 And every Thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *Youth*, and *Gayety*, conspir'd
 To weave a *tripple* wreath of Happiness,
 (If Happiness on Earth) to crown her Brow.
 And could *Death* charge through such a shining Shield?

That shining Shield invites the Tyrant's Spear.
 As if to damp our elevated Aims,
 And

And strongly preach Humility to Man,
 O how portentous is Prosperity ?
 How, Comet-like, it threatens, while it shines ?
 Few Years but yield us proof of *Death's* Ambition
 To cull his Victims from the fairest fold !
 And sheath his Shafts in all the Pride of Life.
 When flooded with Abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent Honours, bloom'd with ev'ry Bliss ;
 Set up in Ostentation, made the Gaze,
 The gaudy Center of the publick Eye,
 When *Fortune*, thus, has tofs'd her Child in Air,
 Snatcht from the Covert of an humble State,
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our Morning's Envy ! and our Evening's Sigh !
 As if her Bounties were the Signal giv'n,
 The Flow'ry Wreath, to mark the Sacrifice,
 And call Death's Arrows on the destin'd Prey.

High-Fortune seems in cruel League with *Fate* :

Ask you for what ? to give his War on Man
 The deeper Dread, and more illustrious Spoil ;

Thus

Thus to keep daring Mortals more in Awe.
 And burns *Lorenzo* still for the Sublime
 Of Life? to hang his airy Nest on high,
 On the flight Timber of the topmost Bough,
 Rockt at each Breeze, and menacing a Fall?
 Granting grim *Death* at equal Distance *there*;
 Yet *Peace* begins just where *Ambition* ends.
 What makes Man wretched? Happiness *deny'd*?
Lorenzo! no: 'Tis Happiness *disdain'd*.
She comes too meanly dress'd to win our Smile,
 And calls herself *Content*, a homely Name!
 Our Flame is *Transport*, and *Content* our Scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the Door against her,
 And weds a *Toil*, a *Tempest* in her Stead;
 A *Tempest*, to warm *Transport* near of kin.
 Unknowing what our mortal State admits,
 Life's modest Joys we ruin, while we raise;
 And all our Ecstasies are Wounds to Peace.
 Peace, the full Portion of Mankind below.

And

And since thy Peace is dear, ambitious Youth!
 Of Fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy Fate!
 As late I drew *Death's* Picture, to stir up
 Thy wholesome Fears; now drawn, in Contrast, see
 Gay *Fortune's*, thy vain Hopes to reprimand.
 See, high in Air, the sportive Goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her Casket, spreads her glitt'ring Ware,
 And calls the giddy Winds to puff abroad
 Her random Bounties, o'er the gaping Throng.
 All rush rapacious; Friends o'er trodden Friends;
 Sons o'er their Fathers, Subjects o'er their Kings,
 Priests o'er their Gods; and Lovers o'er the Fair,
 Still more ador'd, to snatch the golden Show'r.

Gold glitters most, where *Virtue* shines no more;
 As Stars from absent Suns have leave to shine.
 O what a precious Pack of Votaries
 Unkennell'd from the Prisons, and the Stews,
 Pour in, all opening in their Idol's Praise!
 All, ardent, eye each Wasture of her Hand,
 And wide-expanding their voracious Jaws,

Morsel.

Morsel on Morsel swallow down unchew'd,
 Untasted, through mad Appetite for more;
 Gorg'd to the Throat, yet lean and ravenous still.
 Sagacious All, to trace the smallest Game,
 And bold to seize the Greatest. If (blest Chance!)
 Court-Zephyrs sweetly breath, they launch, they fly,
 O'er Just, o'er Sacred, all forbidden Ground,
 Drunk with the burning Scent of Place, or Pow'r,
 Staunch to the foot of Lucre, till they die.

Or if for Men you take them, as I mark
 Their Manners, Thou their various Fates survey.
 With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
 Through Fury to possess it : *Some* succeed,
 But stumble, and let fall the taken Prize.
 From *some*, by sudden Blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
 And lodg'd in Bosoms, that ne'er dreamt of Gain.
 To *some* it sticks so close, that when torn off,
 Torn is the Man, and mortal is the Wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their Bags, run mad,
 Groan

Groan under Gold, yet weep for want of Bread.
 Together *some* (unhappy Rivals!) seize,
 And rend Abundance into Poverty ;
 Loud croaks the Raven of the Law, and smiles.
 Smiles too the Goddess ; but smiles most at those,
 (Just Victims of exorbitant Desire !)
 Who perish at their own Request, and whelm'd
 Beneath her Load of lavish Grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her Numbers slain.
 The Number small, which Happiness can bear.
 Tho' *various* for a while their Fates ; at last
 One Curse involves them All : at Death's Approach,
 All read their Riches backward into Loss,
 And mourn, in just Proportion to their Store.

And *Death's* Approach (if orthodox my Song)
 Is hastned by the Lure of *Fortune's* smiles.
 And art thou still a Glutton of bright Gold ?
 And art thou still rapacious of thy Ruin ?
Death loves a shining Mark, a signal Blow ;
 A Blow, which while it executes, alarms ;

And startles Thousands, with a single Fall.
 As, when some stately growth of Oak, or Pine,
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her Shade,
 The Sun's Defiance! and the Flocks Defence!
 By the strong strokes of lab'ring Hinds subdu'd,
 Loud groans her last, and rushing from her Height
 In cumb'rous Ruin, thunders to the Ground,
 The conscious Forest trembles at the Shock,
 And Hill, and Stream, and distant Dale, resounds.

These high-aim'd Darts of *Death*, and these alone,
 Should I collect, my Quiver would be full.
 A Quiver, which suspended in mid Air,
 Or near Heaven's Archer, in the Zodiac, hung,
 (So could it be) should draw the publick Eye,
 The Gaze, and Contemplation of Mankind!
 A Constellation awfull, yet benign
 To guide the *Gay* through Life's tempestuous Wave;
 Nor suffer them to strike the common Rock,
 " From greater Danger to grow more secure,
 " And, wrapt in Happiness, forget their Fate.

Lyfander happy past the common Lot,
 Was warn'd of Danger, but too *Gay* to fear.
 He woo'd the fair *Aspasia* ; she was kind,
 In Youth, Form, Fortune, Fame, they both were blest.
 All who knew envy'd ; yet in Envy lov'd :
 Can Fancy form more finish'd Happiness ?
 Fixt was the Nuptial Hour. Her stately Dome
 Rose on the sounding Beach. The glittering Spires
 Float in the Wave, and break against the Shore :
 So break those glittering Shadows, Human Joys.
 The faithless Morning smil'd ; He takes his Leave,
 To re-embrace, in Ecstasies, at Eve.
 The rising Storm forbids. The News arrives,
 Untold, she saw it in her Servant's Eye.
 She felt it seen ; (her Heart was apt to feel)
 And drown'd, without the furious Ocean's Aid,
 In suffocating Sorrows, shares his Tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous, Bridal Monument,
 The Guilty Billows innocently roar ;
 And the rough Sailor passing drops a Tear.

A Tear ?

A Tear ?----can Tears suffice ?---But not for me.
 How vain our Efforts ? and our Arts how vain ?
 The distant Train of Thought I took, to shun,
 Has thrown me on my Fate---*These* dy'd together ;
 Happy in Ruin ! undivorc'd by Death !
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is Peace---
Narcissa ! Pity bleeds at Thought of Thee.
 Yet Thou wast only *near* me ; not *myself*.
 Survive myself ? *That* cures all other Woe.
Narcissa lives ; *Philander* is forgot.
 O the soft Commerce ! O the tender Tyes,
 Close-twisted with the Fibres of the Heart !
 Which broken, break them ; and drain off the Soul
 Of Human Joy ; and make it Pain to Live---
 And is it then to Live ? when *such* Friends part,
 'Tis the Survivor dies---My Heart ! no more.

F I N I S.